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SOCIETY CHRONICLES

SANDMAN STORIES

JULIA MURDOCK'S GOSSIP

Secretary and Mrs. Bryan Receive Members of House This Afternoon

Entertain at Their Second State Reception, in the Garden at Calumet Place.

FOR the second time since March 4, the Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan will entertain at a state reception, when this afternoon they receive in the lovely garden at Calumet Place in honor of the members of the House and their families. The first reception was at the New Willard and for the diplomats. The entire entertainment will take place in the garden, the Secretary and Mrs. Bryan, and the Assistant Secretary of State and Mrs. Osborne and others of the receiving party, taking their stand under one of the great forest trees, while refreshments will be served under the arbor and from small tables.

Assisting the Secretary and Mrs. Bryan in receiving will be Congressman and Mrs. Oscar Underwood, Congressman and Mrs. Thaddeus W. Sims, Congressman and Mrs. R. L. Henry, Congressman and Mrs. James L. Sladen, Congressman and Mrs. W. R. Smith, Congressman and Mrs. Henry D. Clayton, Congressman and Mrs. I. R. Sherwood, Congressman and Mrs. Ben Johnson, Congressman and Mrs. Flood, Miss Sims, and Miss Johnson.

This will be the first really official garden party ever given in the Capital, outside of the White House parties, which date back to the early Presidents, and a lovelier place could not be found than Calumet Place at this season. The great forest trees are in full fresh foliage, and the garden is watered with flowering vines, roses, and hardy plants adapted to a colonial garden.

Mrs. Bryan was the guest of honor at a buffet luncheon today at the home of Senator Swanson of Virginia, when Mrs. Swanson invited nearly a hundred guests to meet her. The long table was charmingly set with baskets of snapdragons and other spring flowers, while branches of wild honeysuckle, dogwood, and other flowering plants were used generously about the drawing rooms.

Mrs. Swanson has as house guests for some days, Mrs. Rolly Gordon and Miss Gordon, of New York, and Mrs. Douglas Gordon, of Baltimore, all of whom assisted her in the hospitality.

She was further assisted by Mrs. Dent, Mrs. Thigpen, of Alabama; Mrs. W. L. Marshall, Mrs. Knapp, Mrs. Elbridge, and Miss Marshall.

Receiving with Mrs. Swanson and Mrs. Bryan were Mrs. Garrison and Mrs. Burleson, while the guests included Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, and women of the Senate, House, and resident and official society.

Mrs. Wilson occupied a box at the Belasco last night to see Louise M. Alcott's famous "Little Women." She was accompanied by several members of the President's household.

Miss Margaret Wilson visited the Grover Cleveland School yesterday afternoon and paid special attention to the work of the children done after school hours. She was particularly delighted with the story club, where the very little children are taught by volunteer workers. The children not only told stories for Miss Wilson, but they also played several games, much to her delight. The work of the fourth to eighth grade are members, as did the work of the small boys who are trained after regular school hours in the McKinley Manual Training School.

There will be a perfect sea of delicacies covering the beautiful grounds around Friendship on Monday, May 12, for the benefit of the Children's Hospital, ranging from the choicest good things to eat and drink, to dainty things to wear and look at and all manner of amusements for both children and grown folk.

Mrs. Wolcott Tuckerman and Mrs. Preston Gibson have charge of the confections, and Miss Isabel May, Mrs. William Means and Mrs. William Curtis Hill will have charge of the fancy table. Assistants there will be Mrs. T. E. Gale, Mrs. George E. Hamilton, Mrs. E. J. Stellwagen, Mrs. George Dunlop, Mrs. Beaves Lewis, Miss McCartney, and Miss Barbara Kauffman.

Mrs. Clarence Wilson, Mrs. Nathaniel Francis, and Mrs. Hauge, and a bevy of young girls.



MRS. JOSEPH E. KNOWLAND, of California.

A real California party of women met about a table at luncheon today, typical of the history of the State from the days of '49, up to the present day of still golden plenty.

Mrs. Knowland, wife of Congressman Knowland of California, was the hostess, and Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, and also from California, the guest of honor. With-out exception, the entire party represented the State.

Mrs. Knowland has already become famous in official circles for her unique and artistic conceptions, and today her ideas of honoring her State were elaborately carried out. In the center of the table was a golden horn of plenty, filled with the fruit and flowers of California, while at either end of the table were miniature prairie schooners such as those in which families crossed the plains in the early days of the gold fever. Yokes of oxen made them more realistic, while about miniature campfires such as always burned along the trail, were groups of emigrants. The place cards were bronze bears, bearing the flag of California, and the nut baskets were the great luscious looking poppies which paint the landscape a lurid red during their season of bloom.

Mrs. Knowland's guests to meet Mrs. Lane were Mrs. Joseph McKenna, Mrs. John D. Works, Mrs. Julius Kahn, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. William Kent, Mrs. John E. Raker, Mrs. C. W. Bell, Mrs. D. S. Church, Mrs. J. I. Nolan, Mrs. William Kettner, Mrs. James C. Needham, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Mrs. A. F. Fechteler, Mrs. Oxnard, Mrs. De Vries, Mrs. Ira Bennett, Mrs. Frank Dyer, Mrs. Charles Cobb, Mrs. John Marble and Mrs. Amos Fries.

The drawing rooms were decorated with wild honeysuckle and dogwood blossoms, and an orchestra with harp and violin played during the luncheon time.

Mrs. Wilson, accompanied by her house guests, Mrs. Woodrow and Mrs. Wells, of Denver, are visitors at the House of Representatives this afternoon. Later in the afternoon Mrs. Wilson will attend the meeting of the Central Housing Committee, which meets at the residence of Mrs. Archibald Hopkins.

Senator and Mrs. Robert M. La Follette have as guests for some time their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George Middleton, the latter, formerly Miss Fola La Follette.

Mrs. Geoffrey Gordon Whitney, formerly Mrs. Alice Gordon Thaw, will be at home in her charming old house in F street this afternoon from 5 to 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitney were recently married at the Thaw estate in Georgia and have just returned here for a short spring visit.

Colonel and Mrs. Thompson Give Ride and Breakfast for the Misses Wilson.

Col. and Mrs. Robert M. Thompson gave a highly novel entertainment today in compliment to the three daughters of the President, Miss Wilson, Miss Jessie Wilson, and Miss Eleanor Wilson.

The party gathered at the Washington Riding and Hunt Club, in P street, at 10 o'clock this morning, where the guests were all equipped and mounted for a cross-country run of many miles. The course covered the most picturesque bridge paths through Rock Creek Park and the adjoining country, and ended at the Chevy Chase Club, where a splendid lunch was given by a real hunt breakfast, followed by dancing.

Colonel Thompson and his young guests led the party in the run, and also led in the dance.

The breakfast was served from tables laden with flowers, and the substantial meal was in keeping with a strenuous ride over country roads.

In the party were Miss Greble, the Misses Allen, Miss Buchanan, all blue ribbon and cup winners in the prowess of the field; the Counselor of the German Embassy and Madame Haniel von Himmler; the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt; Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tuckerman, Miss Lippitt, Miss Helen Woodrow Bones, Miss Hagner, Miss Margaret Smith, Commander Burstin, Austrian naval attaché; Baron von Lerger, German attaché; Dr. Cary T. Grayson, Lieutenant Greble, Lieutenant Rockwell, Lieutenant Dunn, Captain Little, and a number of other young women and men of the riding club.

Miss Jessie Wilson and Miss Eleanor Wilson were guests at dinner last night, at the Chevy Chase Club, of Col. Edward St. J. Greble, U. S. A., and Mrs. Greble, and stayed at the hotel which followed. Others at the dinner were Miss Jeanette Allen, Mrs. R. E. Hammond, Miss Eleanor Reayburn, the Misses Greble, Capt. Julian Schley, Dr. Cary Grayson, Commander Burstin, Austrian naval attaché; Lieutenant Rockwell, Lieutenant Dunn, Mr. Gray, Roger Dulany, and Lieutenant Greble.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. Richardson Clover will close their Washington house for the summer, and will sail for Europe the first of June.

The Postmaster General and Mrs. Burleson were the guests yesterday of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Beach, at their country place on the Rockville road. Other Washington people were members of the old fashioned all-day house party.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lee entertained guests at dinner last night for the Secretary of War and Mrs. Garrison, and their house guest, Mrs. Leary, of New York, was also of the party.

The patronesses for the morality play, "The Black Chancellor," which will be presented at the New National Theater on Tuesday, May 20, include Mrs. Burleson, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Pinchot, Mrs. William Barrett Ridgely, Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, Mrs. Charles Boughton Wood, Mrs. Samuel Adams, Mrs. Hamilton White, Mrs. E. W. Roberts, Mrs. Fremont Smith, Mrs. Robert L. Owen, Mrs. W. P. Underhill, Mrs. John C. Fremont, Mrs. J. L. Houston, and Mrs. Charles B. Hawley.

The box-holders, up to the present time, are Mrs. Samuel Adams and Mrs. Charles Boughton Wood.

Mrs. Hemmick is chairman of the play committee, and has assisting her Mrs. Claggett, Mrs. Tinnin, Miss Flora Leon and Mrs. Abbie Scott Baker. Mrs. William Kent is the business manager, and Mrs. Randolph Keith Forrester will be the stage manager.

Mr. Elphinstone F. Andrews is designing the costumes.

On Friday morning, at 11:30, Miss Mabel Tallaferra will give a talk on theatrical make-up at the Playhouse.

Women Avoid Poisons! Tyree's Antiseptic Powder is a household necessity. No poison, no disease. Best germicide or wash for women. Recommended by physicians. See and \$1.00. All drug stores. Booklet free. J. S. TYREE, Chemist, Wash., D. C.

For The Times' Children Just Before It's Bedtime

WHY OSTRICHES CANNOT FLY

ONCE upon a time thousands of years ago a fine, handsome young ostrich lived in the tall grass at the edge of a vast desert. Just as far as the eye could see there was the blazing sand with the sun glowing over it all day till the air hung above in a quivering curtain that made any one's head swim to look at it—only there was not anyone in those days to look. For the only living things around were animals, and there were merely a few of those.

All of the big beasts like elephants, tigers, and leopards lived far back in the thick forests, where they fought most of the day and made horrid noises all night just like our cats do today on our back fences—only there were not any back fences or front fences or any fences at all then, for there was not anybody around who had any fence.

The ostriches of that far-off day had big wings and they would fly for hours. Leaving the shade of the dark woods to cool off and here it was one day that this same giddy young ostrich met the Bogiedum.

The Bogiedum was a large, but very ugly, bird and it had almost no wings at all, so it had to sit all day in the nest and waddle about as awkwardly as a bear. It was very much ashamed of itself, and the silly ostrich would brag about the places it went to in its flight—which wasn't polite at all.

So at last the ostrich got so proud that it thought itself the king of all. One day it brought with it in its long flight ten of its brothers and sisters and they strutted about all day before the poor Bogiedum and her children.

"We can't afford to associate with such as you," the conceited little ostriches said. "We are kings of the air and the fastest of our feet. You must acknowledge our big brother as your ruler."

That night the little Bogiedums did not eat any supper, but cried all over their food, which worried their mother so that she burned the biscuits. They said they were ashamed of being ugly and having no wings, and wanted to be fine like ostriches. So at dawn the Mother Bogiedum waddled off to the enchanted pool in which lived a wizard. When she asked the wise owl—who was a wizard—what she must do to make her children beautiful, he shook his head till his eyes popped and replied solemnly: "I will make your children the prettiest birds in the world if you will show me you have enough brains to fool the ostrich and lower his pride."

Now this was a hard job for the mother, for she knew that she never was regarded as a bright bird. But a mother's love will work wonders. So as she wobbled home through the early light she thought and thought and thought till her head ached, but at last she got an idea, and when night came ostrich came flitting down at the enchanted pool and spoke proudly:

"I guess you have not heard the news yet," she said with evident pride. "It is that wings have gone out of fashion. Birds are expected to have long legs and run, but the wizard of the pool says we big fellows like you and me must not have any wings at all. And that if we want to have long, tall, strong legs like a horse."

But the wizard owl kept his word to the mother Bogiedum. It said some magic words and turned around seven times and said seven more magic words. Then, lo, the ugly little things which had been the children of the mother Bogiedum were changed in a moment to beautiful Birds of Paradise.

And if you don't believe this tale you can go out to a zoo and see for yourself that it is true.

Tomorrow's story: "The Bear's Breakfast."

Potato Turns on Shank.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 8.—Mayor Shank, who made the potato famous, was showered with gentle vegetables on his appearance in a minstrel show at Rockville, Ind.

LOCAL MENTION

"The Black Chancellor." Splendid! Superb! Today Virginia Theatre.

YOUR FURNITURE NEEDS ATTENTION! Furniture Repolished, Repaired and Reupholstered. Slip covers, new and second hand. Don't send your furniture to the repair shop. Have them repaired here. We will give you a list of the work we can do for you. We guarantee our work. We will submit samples and furnish estimates. Write or call for immediate attention.

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The poor ostrich sped off into the desert.

legs we must bury our heads in the sand for an hour every morning."

The ostrich is really a stupid bird and it believed everything the mother said. It was much worried at the thought of being out of the fashion, as it wanted to be at the head of everything, so it flew home at once and told all the rest of the family.

"There is only one thing for us to do," it remarked. "We can never let those horrid, common Bogiedums get ahead of us—we must cut off our wings and still be the kings."

So they chopped off their big, beautiful wings and blasted the cuts with mud so they would not hurt. And the next morning all stood in a row for an hour with their foolish heads stuck in the hot sand. At noon they walked off to see the Bogiedum, but did not get to the place till sunset. In a tree above the Bogiedum's nest sat the wizard owl.

"See!" cried the mother, delightedly. "I have fooled the proud ostrich—they have cut off their wings, and never more can they fly."

"That is true," replied the wizard. "You have kept your word, the ostrich will now remain on the ground and never again mount in the air—it is never punishment for its pride. And as an additional sign of stupidity it will always in future stick its head in the sand when pursued."

The poor ostrich sped off into the desert. After it ran the little Bogiedums, and when the ostrich saw them it stopped and stuck its head right down into the sand. So from that day to this the stupid bird has the same foolish habit, and even now it has but a stump of a wing and cannot fly, but runs along like a horse.

But the wizard owl kept his word to the mother Bogiedum. It said some magic words and turned around seven times and said seven more magic words. Then, lo, the ugly little things which had been the children of the mother Bogiedum were changed in a moment to beautiful Birds of Paradise.

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Dot Bernard Explains Charms of Moving Picture Work to Julia Murdock

Ingenu of Columbia Players Tells Why Great Artists Enter This Business.

EVERYBODY'S doing it.

Sarah Bernhardt, James K. Hackett, Blanche Walsh, James O'Neill, Ada Rehan, Lillian Russell, David Warfield, Maude Adams, and dozens of others who are well known in the dramatic world, have stepped into the hitherto unknown field of motion pictures. What is the explanation? Wherein lies the charm that lures these well-known people from the legitimate into the moving picture world?

There are several answers, as I discovered when I stepped into the rehearsal hall of the Columbia Theater yesterday afternoon and chatted with Dot Bernard, ingenu of the Columbia Players, who, until the close of last season was leading woman of the Biograph Company. A well known magazine writer recently spoke of this charming and vivacious little person as "the supreme pantomimist of the motion picture world." During the period in which she was the principal player of the Biograph Company, Miss Bernard probably posed for more pictures than any other motion picture actor in the country, with the possible exception of John Bunny.

"Why do people leave the stage and take up motion picture work?" she repeated. In answer to my question. "Well, it's because the work is so delightful, and the motion picture people are so splendid to those who work for them. Then, you must consider that there is no night work, no worry incidental to traveling, catching trains, long waits at stations, finding accommodations at all hours, and putting up with everything that comes, and then the pay was most anything I asked—in fact, they practically allowed me to name my own salary."

Then I asked Miss Bernard about her work.

Particular Work. Says Miss Bernard.

"It is particular work," she said. "People, perhaps, do not think much about this part of the feature, but the camera is much more critical than an audience of human beings. The camera is an absolutely exact piece of mechanism, you know, and it has a cold-blooded, mechanical way of registering defects and mistakes. When these appear in a film, that film must be destroyed and a new one made. Sometimes we have found it necessary to go through a scene perhaps a dozen times to obtain a suitable film, and it must be perfect to pass inspection."

"I liked the hours, too, in connection with motion picture work," Miss Bernard continued. "I usually arrived at the studio about 9 o'clock in the morning, and was called about 11. I worked as long as the sunlight was good, and as we had four leading women with the company, I usually worked one week out of every three, though my salary went on just the same."

"Motion picture work is interesting," I said.

Out in Los Angeles, where the public was familiar with the motion picture business, and re-entered the dramatic profession, in which she made her debut when she was "knee high to a grasshopper," as she expresses it. One is a tiny maiden two and a half years old, who calls her "Mamma," and the other is her daughter's father.

JULIA MURDOCK.



DOT BERNARD.

cannot say that I have found any one character any more to my liking than another. I was given emotional work almost altogether, and we had a great variety of plays. One day we would work on a French drama, and the next we would have something that required us to go to the beach. Probably we would all spin out into the mountains the following day, so you see we had variety, to say nothing of charming experiences."

There are two reasons, Miss Bernard confessed to me, that had much to do with her giving up the motion picture business and re-entering the dramatic profession, in which she made her debut when she was "knee high to a grasshopper," as she expresses it. One is a tiny maiden two and a half years old, who calls her "Mamma," and the other is her daughter's father.

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Not All Acting Is Pantomime.

Miss Bernard told me that not all picture acting is pantomime by any means. "We were required to speak our lines," she said, "just as we would on the stage. That is necessary to bring out the full expression and make the meaning clear on the film. I might perhaps convey an affirmative or a negative by an inclination, or the shake of my head, but that is not enough. We must strive to put our full emotions in our acting, and that can only be done with the spoken word in conjunction with the action."

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